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best account the splendid talents with which he has been so bountifully endowed.\*

I have scarcely exceeded the truth, in comparing the legal arguments of Mr. Pennefather to those of Sir Samuel Romilly. It certainly is lofty praise; for among all his contemporaries at the Chancery Bar of England, that exalted man stood unrivalled for overwhelming powers of refutation and discussion—for his peculiar diction, and close convincing logic. What a blank has he left in his branch of the profession! Sugden may be as learned;—his books prove the depth of his research, and the exactness of his knowledge: but in facility and strength of expression, compared with Romilly, he is miserably deficient. It has been my lot, lately, to frequent the Chancery Court, Westminster Hall.—Of the leaders I may observe, without meaning to impugn the soundness or extent of their attainments, that Sir Charles Wetherell is extravagantly vehement—Mr. Peppys tiresome—Messrs. Horne and Knight tediously prolix; and at some of the gentlemen in the second bench I have been perfectly amazed. Reclining one elbow on the bench, they address the Court in this lounging attitude; and their manner of expression is too often inelegant and careless. I have often thought Mr. Edward Pennefather would be no slight acquisition to that Court, and would be likely to win the favor of the Courty Chancery—*who*, whether I regard his deep voice, his admirable delivery, or his manly eloquence, is one of the most perfect speakers I ever listened to. I have heard it repeated in London, that Mr. Charles Butler, the eminent Conveyancer, has declared, he believes Mr. Pennefather to possess as thorough a knowledge of the laws of real property as any member of the profession in Ireland. It is, I believe, generally admitted he has no superior since Lord Plunket's elevation. There are no flash speeches of Mr. Pennefather's on record—no proof, however, that he is not gifted with a very high order of eloquence: but, as I have said, it is as a Chancery Barrister he excels. His arguments evince a luminous and comprehensive understanding, and are distinguished for beautiful arrangement, and the familiar, though eloquent, enunciation of legal truths, the most recondite and refined. His promotion has been but slow—and certainly it is somewhat singular that such a man should have been so frequently passed over. Few men possess, in so high a degree, the requisites for the judicial station—patience and discrimination; honesty and intelligence.

W.

\* For our own parts, this trait is so far from diminishing our esteem for Mr. Pennefather, that we are induced to think we therefore honor him the more. There is a certain dignity of repose in thus keeping strictly within the sphere of one's appointed duty, which, in this age of universal pretension, we value not a little, were it only for the force of contrast; as the grey baronial castle, when surrounded by the flimsy, though, perhaps, commodious structures of modern times, reminds one of the strength and the simplicity of a period less pretending and more solid. In sooth, we cannot help accounting any man who unites to a faithful performance of the laborious duties of a lawyer in most active and extensive practice, the exemplary discharge of his personal duties in all the varied relations of private life, as one on whom no shadow of imputation can lie, for not attempting more. We think society has no just demand upon him for yet further exertion.

Richard and Edward Pennefather were, if we mistake not, the only children of Major Pennefather, of Darling Hill, in the Co. of Tipperary. When they were schoolmates (along with Charles Wall, now a Senior Fellow of Trinity College) at Doctor Carey's, in Clonmel, Edward was considered the more elegant general scholar, but Richard the more assiduous and diligent student. At College, they happened to be placed in the same division, and so came into collision, as both were

candidates for honors. This was felt to be so great a hardship, that they were separated by consent of the higher powers, and each carried all before him in their respective divisions. We have heard that Edward gave some umbrage, by declining to preside in a Commission appointed under the Insurrection Act, which made Government less desirous to promote him; nor do we suppose he would consider a puisne Judge's place at all desirable. En.

#### CONFESSIONS OF A REFORMED RIBBONMAN,

(Concluded from our last.)

The moment that those who lay in the darkness during the night, made their appearance at the altar, we knew at once the persons we were to visit; for, as I said before, these were related to the miscreants whom one of these persons had convicted, in consequence of their midnight attack upon himself and his family. The Captain's object in keeping them unseen was, that those present, not being aware of the duty about to be imposed on them, might have less hesitation against swearing to its fulfilment. Our conjectures were correct, for on leaving the chapel we directed our steps to the house in which this man (the only Protestant in the parish) resided.

The night was still stormy, but without rain; it was rather dark too, though not so as to prevent us from seeing the clouds careering swiftly through the air. The dense curtain which had overhung and obscured the horizon, was now broken, and large sections of the sky were clear, and thinly studded with stars that looked dim and watery, as did indeed the whole firmament, for in some places large clouds were still visible threatening a continuance of severe tempestuous weather. The road appeared washed and gravely, every dike was full of yellow water, and each little rivulet and larger stream dashed its hoarse music in our ears; the blast, too, was cold, fierce, and wintry, sometimes driving us back to a stand still, and again, when a turn in the road would bring it in our backs, whirling us along for a few steps, with involuntary rapidity. At length the fated dwelling became visible, and a short consultation was held in a sheltered place, between the Captain and the two parties who seemed so eager for its destruction. Their fire arms were now charged, and their bayonets and short pikes, the latter shod and pointed with iron, were also got ready: the live coal which was brought in the small pot, had become extinguished, but to remedy this, two or three persons from the remote parts of the parish, entered a cabin on the wayside, and under pretence of lighting their own and their comrade's pipes, procured a coal of fire, for so they called a lighted turf. From the time we left the chapel until this moment, a most profound silence had been maintained, a circumstance, which, when I considered the number of persons present, and the mysterious and dreaded object of their journey, had a most appalling effect upon my spirits.

At length we arrived within fifty perches of the house, walking in a compact body, and with as little noise as possible; but it seemed as if the very elements had conspired to frustrate our design, for on advancing within the shade of the farm-hedge, two or three persons found themselves up to the middle in water, and on stooping to ascertain more accurately the state of the place, we could see nothing but one immense sheet of it spread like a lake over the meadows which surrounded the spot we wished to reach.

Fatal night! the very recollection of it, when associated with the fearful tempest of the elements, grows, if that were possible, yet more wild and revolting. Had we been engaged in any innocent or benevolent enterprise, there was something in our situation, just now, that had a touch of interest in it to a mind imbued with a relish for the savage beauties of nature. There we stood, about a hundred and thirty in number, our dark forms bent forwards peering into the dusky expanse of water, with its dim gleams of reflected light, broken by the weltering of the mimic waves into ten thousand fragments, whilst the few stars that overhung it in the firmament, appeared to shoot through it in broken lines, and to be multiplied fifty-fold in the many-faced mirror on which we gazed.

Over this was a stormy sky, and around us a darkness through which we could only distinguish, in outline, the nearest objects, whilst the wild wind swept strongly and dimly upon us. When it was discovered that the common pathway to the house was inundated, we were about to abandon our object, and return home; the Captain, however, stooped down low for a moment, and almost closing his eyes, looked along the surface of the waters, and then raising himself very calmly, said, in his usual quiet tone, "yees needn't go back, boys, I've found a path, jist follow me." He immediately took a more circuitous direction, by which we reached a causeway that had been raised for the purpose of giving a free passage to and from the house, during such inundations as the present. Along this we had advanced more than half way, when we discovered a break in it, which, as afterwards appeared, had that night been made by the strength of the flood. This, by means of our sticks and pikes, we found to be about three feet deep, and eight yards broad. Again we were at a loss how to proceed, when the fertile brain of the Captain devised a method of crossing it: "boys," said he, "of course you've all played at leap-frog—very well, strip and go in a dozen of you,—lean one upon the shoulders of another from this to the opposite bank, where one must stand facing the outside man, both their shoulders agin one another, that the outside man may be supported—then we can creep over you, an' a decent bridge you'll be, any way." This was the work of only a few minutes, and in less than ten we were all safely over.

Merciful heaven! how I sicken at the recollection of what is to follow—on reaching the dry bank, we proceeded instantly, and in profound silence, to the house; the Captain divided us into companies, and then assigned to each division its proper station. The two parties who had been so vindictive all the night, he kept about himself, for of those who were present they only were in his confidence, and knew his nefarious purpose; their number was about fifteen. Having made these dispositions, he, at the head of about five of them, approached the house on the windy side, for the fiend possessed a coolness which enabled him to seize upon every possible advantage; that he had combustibles about him was evident, for in less than fifteen minutes nearly one half of the house was enveloped in flames. On seeing this, the others rushed over to the spot where he and his gang were standing, and remonstrated earnestly, but in vain; the flames now burst forth with renewed violence, and as they flung their strong light upon the faces of

the foremost group, I do think hell itself could hardly present any thing more satanic than their countenances, now worked up into a paroxysm of infernal triumph, at their own revenge. The Captain's look had lost all its calmness, every feature started out into distinct malignity, the curve in his brow was deep, and ran up to the root of the hair, dividing his face into two sections, that did not seem to have been designed for each other. His lips were half open, and the corners of his mouth a little brought back on each side, like those of a man expressing intense hatred and triumph over an enemy, who is in the death-struggle under his grasp. His eyes blazed from beneath his knit eye-brows, with a fire that seemed to have been lighted up in the infernal pit itself. It is unnecessary and only painful to describe the rest of his gang; demons might have been proud of such horrible visages as they exhibited; for they worked under all the power of hatred, revenge, and joy; and these passions blended into one terrific scowl, enough almost to blast any human eye that would venture to look upon it.

When the others attempted to intercede for the lives of the inmates, there were at least fifteen loaded guns and pistols levelled at them; "another word," said the Captain, "an' you're a corpse where you stand, or the first man who will dare to speak for them: no, no, it was't to spare them we came here—'No Mercy' is the pass word for the night, an' by the sacred oath I swore beyant in the chapel, any one among yees that will attempt to shew it, will find none at my hand. Surround the house boys, I tell ye, I hear them stirring—*No Mercy*—no quarter—is the order of the night."

Such was his command over these misguided creatures, that in an instant there was a ring round the house to prevent the escape of the unhappy inmates, should the raging element give them time to attempt it; for none present dare withdraw themselves from the scene, not from an apprehension of the Captain's present vengeance, or that of his gang, but because they knew that even had they then escaped, an early and certain death awaited them from a quarter against which they had no means of defence. The hour now was about half past two o'clock. Scarcely had the last words escaped from the Captain's lips, when one of the windows of the house was broken, and a human head having the hair in a blaze, was descried, apparently a woman's, if one might judge by the profusion of burning tresses, and the softness of the tones, notwithstanding that it called, or rather shrieked aloud, for help and mercy. The only reply to this was the whoop from the Captain and his gang, of no mercy—"No mercy," and that instant the former, and one of the latter rushed to the spot, and ere the action could be perceived, the head was transfixed with a bayonet and a pike, both having entered it together. The word mercy was divided in her mouth; a short silence ensued, the head hung down on the window, but was instantly tossed back into the flames.

This action occasioned a cry of horror from all present, except the gang and their leader, which startled and enraged the latter so much, that he ran towards one of them, and had his bayonet, now reeking with the blood of its innocent victim, raised to plunge it in his body, when dropping the point, he said in a piercing whisper that hissed in the ears of all: "Its no use now, you know, if one's to hang, all will hang; so our safest way, you persave, is to

lave none of them to tell the story: ye may go now if you wish; but it wont save a hair of your heads. You cowardly set! I knew if I had tould yees the sport, that none of ye except my own boys would come, so I jist played a thrick upon you; but remember what you are sworn to, and stand to the oath ye tuck.

Unhappily, notwithstanding the wetness of the preceding weather, the materials of the house were extremely combustible; the whole dwelling was now one body of glowing flame, yet the shouts and shrieks within, rose awfully above its crackling and the voice of the storm, for the wind once more blew in gusts, and with great violence. The doors and windows were all torn open, and such of those within, as had escaped the flames rushed towards them, for the purpose of further escape, and of claiming mercy at the hands of their destroyers—but whenever they appeared, the unearthly cry of no mercy rung upon their ears for a moment, and for a moment only, for they were flung back at the points of the weapons which the demons had brought with them to make the work of vengeance more certain.

As yet there were many persons in the house, whose cry for life was strong as despair, and who clung to it with all the awakened powers of reason and instinct; the ear of man could hear nothing so strongly calculated to stifle the demon of cruelty and revenge within him, as the long and wailing shrieks which rose beyond the element, in tones that were carried off rapidly upon the blast, until they died away in the darkness that lay behind the surrounding hills. Had not the house been in a solitary situation, and the hour the dead of night, any person sleeping within a moderate distance must have heard them, for such a cry of sorrow deepening into a yell of despair, was almost sufficient to have awakened the dead. It was lost however upon the hearts and ears that heard it: to them, though in justice be it said, to only comparatively a few of them, it was as delightful as the tones of soft and entrancing music.

The claims of the poor sufferers were now modified; they supplicated merely to suffer death at the hands of their enemies; they were willing to bear that, provided they should be allowed to escape from the flames; but no, the horrors of the conflagration were calmly and malignantly gloried in by their merciless assassins, who deliberately flung them back into all their tortures. In the course of a few minutes a man appeared upon the side-wall of the house, nearly naked; his figure, as he stood against the sky in horrible relief, was so finished a picture of woe-begone agony and supplication, that it is yet as distinct in my memory as if I were again present at the scene. Every muscle, now in motion by the powerful agitation of his sufferings, stood out upon his limbs and neck, giving him an appearance of desperate strength, to which by this time he must have been wrought; the perspiration poured from his frame, and the veins and arteries of his neck were inflated to a surprising thickness. Every moment he looked down into the thick flames which were rising to where he stood; and as he looked, the indescribable horror which flitted over his features might have worked upon the devil himself to relent. His words were few; "my child," said he, "is still safe, she is an infant, a young creature that never harmed you nor any one—she is still safe. Your mothers, your wives have young innocent

children like it—Oh, spare her, think for a moment that its one of your own, spare it, as you hope to meet a just God, or if you dont, in mercy shoot me first, put an end to me, before I see her burned."

The Captain approached him coolly and deliberately. "You will prosecute no one now, you bloody informer," said he; "you will convict no more boys for taking an ould rusty gun an' pistol from you, or for givin' you a neighbourly knock or two into the bargain." Just then from a window opposite him, proceeded the shrieks of a woman who appeared at it with the infant in her arms. She herself was almost scorched to death; but with the presence of mind and humanity of her sex, she was about to thrust the little babe out of the window. The Captain noticed this, and with characteristic atrocity, thrust, with a sharp bayonet, the little innocent, along with the person who endeavoured to rescue it, into the red flames, where they both perished. This was the work of an instant. Again he approached the man; "your child is a coal now," said he, with deliberate mockery, "I pitched it in myself on the point of this," showing the weapon, "and now is your turn," saying which he clambered up by the assistance of his gang, who stood with a front of pikes and bayonets bristling to receive the wretched man, should he attempt in his despair to throw himself from the wall. The Captain got up, and placing the point of his bayonet against his shoulder, flung him into the fiery element that raged behind him. He uttered one wild and piercing cry, as he fell back, and no more; after this nothing was heard but the crackling of the fire, and the rushing of the blast; all that had possessed life within were consumed, amounting either to eleven or fifteen persons.

When this was accomplished, those who took an active part in the murder, stood for some time about the conflagration, and as it threw its red light upon their fierce faces and rough persons, soiled as they now were with smoke and black streaks of ashes, the scene seemed to be changed to hell, and the murderers to spirits of the damned, rejoicing over the arrival and the torture of a guilty soul. The faces of those who kept aloof from the slaughter, were blanched to the whiteness of death; some of them fainted—and others were in such agitation that they were compelled to leave their comrades. They became actually stiff and powerless with horror; yet to such a scene were they brought by the pernicious influence of Ribbonism.

It was only when the last victim went down, that the conflagration shot up into the air with most unbounded fury. The house was large, deeply thatched, and well furnished; and the broad red pyramid rose up with fearful magnificence towards the sky. Abstractedly it had sublimity, but now it was associated with nothing in my mind but blood and terror. It was not, however, without a purpose that the Captain and his guard stood to contemplate its effect. "Boys," said he, "we had better be sartin' that all's safe; who knows but there might be some of the sarpents crouchin' under a hape of rubbish, to come out and gibbet us to-morrow or next day; we had better wait a while, any how, if it was only to see the blaze."

Just then the flames rose majestically to a surprising height; our eyes followed their direction, and we perceived for the first time,

that the dark clouds above, together with the intermediate air, appeared to reflect back, or rather to have caught the red hue of the fire; the hills and country about us appeared with an alarming distinctness; but the most picturesque part of it, was the effect or reflection of the blaze on the floods that spread over the surrounding plains. These, in fact, appeared to be one broad mass of liquid copper, for the motion of the breaking waters, caught from the blaze of the high waving column, as reflected in them, a glaring light, which eddied and rose, and fluctuated, as if the flood itself had been a lake of molten fire.

Fire, however, destroys rapidly; in a short time the flames sank—became weak and flickering—by and bye, they only shot out in fits—the crackling of the timbers died away—the surrounding darkness deepened; and ere long, the faint light was overpowered by the thick volumes of smoke, that rose from the ruins of the house, and its murdered inhabitants.

"Now, boys," said the Captain, "all is safe, we may go. Remember, every man of you, what you've sworn this night on the book and altar of God—not on a heretic bible. If you perjure yourselves, you may hang us; but let me tell you for your comfort, that if you do, there is them livin' that will take care the laze of your own lives will be but short." After this we dispersed, every man to his own home.

Reader, not many months elapsed ere I saw the bodies of this Captain, whose name was Paddy Devan, and all those who were actively concerned in the perpetration of this deed of horror, withering in the wind, where they hung gibbeted, near the scene of their nefarious villainy; and while I inwardly thanked heaven for my own narrow and almost undeserved escape, I thought in my heart how seldom, even in this world, justice fails to overtake the murderer, and to enforce the righteous judgment of God, "that whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

*Records of Captain Clapperton's last Expedition to Africa.*—By Richard Lander, his faithful attendant, and only surviving member of the expedition; with the subsequent adventures of the author.—2 vols. 8vo.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

It is we think somewhat more than a twelve-month since the posthumous *Journal* of Captain Clapperton was published, containing his narrative of the second expedition into the interior of Africa, up to the period of his death, and with it the *Journal* of Richard Lander his servant, in continuation, from the time of his master's decease till his own arrival at the seacoast on his return to England. The work not only abounded in most valuable geographical and scientific information, but was full of amusing details respecting regions then for the first time traversed by an European, and of tribes whose customs and mode of living were before unknown. On the return of Captain Clapperton with Major Denham, from the former expedition into central Africa, they brought a letter from Bello, Sultan of the Fellatas, resident at Soccato, in which were contained several important propositions, which he had been induced to make in consequence of various conferences with Captain Clapperton,

and which it was felt by the English government that it would be extremely desirable to carry into execution. The principal of these, were the establishment of a friendly intercourse between the two nations, by the appointment of an English Consul to reside at Raka, and the prohibition of the exportation of slaves by any of the Houssa merchants, to Atagher Dahowrey, or Ashantee. To effect these and some other minor objects, the second expedition was voluntarily undertaken by Captain Clapperton. The causes of its unsuccessful and unfortunate result we shall have occasion to explain in a subsequent part of this review.

The present work is full of deep and melancholy interest. Every thing relating to the mournful fate of Captain Clapperton possesses a powerful claim on the attention of the British public, and though the principal facts related in these records were already known, we think the author's apology for putting forth the work, notwithstanding the previous publication of a hasty narrative of the principal circumstances it contains immediately on his arrival in England, is satisfactory enough to justify the procedure, and make us rejoice that it was adopted. As to the "thousand amusing incidents," which he says he has thus had an opportunity of bringing forward, we certainly do not esteem them the most valuable part of the production, nor can we regard them so complacently as the author evidently does; but on the whole, considering his station in life, and the absence of all assistance, save that of his brother, in preparing the book, the violations of good taste, or indeed of propriety of any sort, are surprisingly few in number. Something too much there is, perhaps, of display in an occasional quotation, or other ambitious ornament of the style, but the narrative is for the most part, (where the author does not affect the humorous,) simple, straight forward and unpretending; just, in short, what it ought to be, and every sentence bears the stamp of truth and reality.

Lander was born of humble parentage, at Truro in Cornwall, in 1804, and being naturally of a rambling disposition, which was increased by the tales told to his "wondering boyhood" by the old wives of Cornwall, "of strange adventures happened by land or sea," at the early age of eleven, he entered the service of a merchant trading to the West Indies; with him he visited St. Domingo, and after an absence of three years returned to England in 1818, from which time he lived in the service of various noblemen and gentlemen till his 19th year, when his passion for adventure still continuing, he obtained the place of servant to Major Colebrook, who was going out to the Cape, being one of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the state of the British Colonies. After encountering divers perils, unnecessary to relate, he arrived at Cape Town, and having accompanied his master over the whole of the colony, he again returned to England, and obtained a situation in the service of "a kinsman to the Duke of Northumberland," where, he says, his time passed pleasantly and thoughtlessly enough, till the return of Major Denham and Captain Clapperton from Africa, in the following year, again roused his rambling propensities, and he took shame to himself for remaining so long in a state of indolence and inactivity.

Having heard of the intended second expedition, for the purpose as he understood, of exploring the yet undiscovered parts of central Africa,

and ascertaining the source and progress of the Niger, Lander waited upon Captain Clapperton, and expressed his eager desire to be taken into his service, in that hazardous undertaking. He was accordingly engaged by him as confidential servant, and embarked on board the *Brazen*, on the 27th of August, 1825, on that fatal expedition, from which he alone, of the six Europeans who composed it, returned alive.—Within the last month, he has been engaged by the British Government, to proceed to Fundah, and trace the river from thence to Benin, accompanied only by the same brother, who assisted him in the composition of the present work. We shall now introduce our readers to the narrative itself; and shall commence with the first landing of the expedition in Africa:—

"The day after the arrival of the *Brazen* at Badagry (the 29th of November,) the gentlemen of the mission, and the officers of the ship, assembled on the quarter-deck to take a final farewell of each other; and some of the latter were deeply affected, as with a faltering voice and agitated manner they breathed their hopes, that success might attend the perilous undertaking to which their enterprising friends had so willingly devoted themselves. There was something so moving in the pathetic spectacle of Englishmen parting under a strong persuasion, almost amounting to a conviction, of meeting no more in this world; in seeing the manly resolution and stubborn indifference of British officers combating with the tenderer and more amiable feelings of human nature, that I myself could with difficulty stifle my emotion; and to dispel the gloom which hung upon my mind, I bade the officers a hasty and respectful adieu, and shaking hands with many of the honest seamen on deck, I sprang into a canoe that lay alongside the *Brazen*; and as two of the natives were rowing it towards the shore, I took the opportunity of playing—"Over the hills and far away," on a small bugle horn which I had brought with me. This elicited the admiration of the sailors of the ship, and I landed amidst the hearty cheers and acclamations of them all.

Shortly afterwards Captains Clapperton and Pearce, and Dr. Morrison, with Pasko and Dawson,\* also landed; but Columbus the mulatto, who had been ill almost from the period of his leaving England, was too weak to accompany them.

"The landing was rendered extremely dangerous by reason of a tremendous surf, which rolled violently, and to a great height, for many miles along the coast, and the canoe in which Mr. Houtson (an English merchant, who was taken on board at Whydah, for the purpose of accompanying the mission,) was conveyed from the *Brazen*, with astronomical instruments, &c. was swamped when at some distance from the beach. This accident had nearly cost that gentleman his life; for after being tossed about on the foam and waves for a few minutes, his strength utterly forsook him, and he ceased to struggle with the waters. In this perilous state he was observed by two of the blacks who had been with him in the ill-fated canoe; and at the imminent risk of their own lives, the men succeeded in conveying Mr. Houtson, although totally insensible, to the shore, where proper remedies having been administered, he shortly afterwards reco-

\* George Dawson, an English seaman, was engaged at Badagry, as servant to Dr. Morrison.